

A CASE OF SELF-DECEIT.

He thinks he's a cynic and closes his eyes to the sun which is faithfully shining. And he vows that to carp is the way to be wise. And that life is but slumber and dining. Persistent, he struggles his conscience to throw into states that are called cataleptic; He wants to be "modern and wicked," you know. When, in fact, he is only dyspeptic.

In silence he winks at himself with a leer. In the presence of gaiety harmless. His sigh is a growl and his laugh is a sneer. As he vows that existence is charmless. And he looks on himself with a pitiful pride. As a vastly superior skeptic. His claims misanthropic he won't hear denied. When, in fact, he is only dyspeptic. —Washington Star.



“YE think you can tend her while I'm gone?” asked Uncle Burritt.

“Of course we can. We know exactly how to do it.”

“So I s'pose so I s'pose,” said Uncle Burritt, as if his doubt of the ability of the boy and girl who stood before him to manage the big wheat elevator was wholly unfounded.

“I'll be back as soon's I can,” he continued, “an' if the Nancy Bell steams up fore I get back you tell the cap'n to hitch and lay alongside.”

“Oh, I can open the chutes,” said Matt, eagerly.

“Of course he can,” chimed Laura. “Better wait 'till yer old uncle gets back; he won't be long comin'.”

And Uncle Burritt, having shaken the wheat dust off his coat and combed back his hair before the cracked mirror, seated himself in his buckboard and rattled up the road.

Matt, who was 16 years old, drew himself up on the high stool in the office with some dignity. It was the first time he had ever been left in charge of the elevator, and he felt the importance of his position.

His sister Laura, who was 13, peered out of the little window and wished something exciting would happen.

And hardly had she wished when something did happen. The Nancy Bell began to toot down the river.

“Matt, there comes the Nancy,” cried Laura.

A moment later a huge side-wheel river steamer came splashing around the bend and drew up under the rocky bank, on the top of which perched the elevator. The office where Matt and Laura were sitting was a hundred yards away, at the edge of the hill road. Here the farmers sold their wheat, which was emptied into a car, weighed and trundled along a tramway that ran on a trestlework into the top of the elevator, where the wheat was dumped into one of the various bins. At the bottom of the tall building a number of chutes led out over the water, and when open the wheat from the elevator poured through them into the steamboat below.

“Hey, there,” called the captain of the Nancy Bell, puffing up the steep bank, “are you ready to let us have that No. 1?”

“We're all ready, only uncle isn't here yet,” answered Matt. “Can't you let her go?”

“I could—”

“But uncle wanted us to ask you to ay alongside until he came back,” completed Laura.

The good-natured captain frowned. “We won't get clear of Fisher's bar to-night, I'm afraid, if we wait. You've opened the chutes lots of times before,” he said, turning to Matt.

“Oh, yes, I could do it all right. It's no trouble at all—”

Matt made as if to go down to the tramway toward the elevator, but Laura seized him by the arm.

“Uncle told us to wait,” she said; “don't go.”

“Oh, he won't care,” said Matt, impatiently. “I'm no baby.”

Then he pulled himself away and ran along the tramway.

“Get your men ready,” he shouted to the captain, “the wheat's comin’.”

Matt's heart throbbed with excitement. He felt that he had suddenly attained to the dignity of manhood.

He reached the deep bin where the No. 1 wheat was kept and clambered from the tramway down the little ladder to the hook which controlled the chute. He knew that when he opened the thousands of bushels of wheat in the bin would go swirling slowly down through the chute into the steamboat.

“Are they ready, Laura?” he called. “Oh, don't, Matt,” answered the girl. “Are they ready, I say?” called Matt, his time angrily.

Laura signalled to the captain with her hand, as she had often done before.

“Ready,” came the answer. “Ready,” repeated Laura.

Matt pulled the peg and then, pausing a moment, pulled the other, and he looked down with a chug. He heard the grain swishing in the chutes ‘ar below. With the pegs in his hand he started to climb the ladder that ran up the sides of the bin. Just at the top one of the pegs slipped and fell into the wheat below.

Matt threw the peg which he still held on the tramway and scrambled down the ladder. He didn't want Laura to know about his carelessness, and he knew well enough that the peg must now be allowed to go down with the wheat or it might choke up the chute.

The peg lay on the wheat a few feet from the bottom of the ladder. Matt had often had occasion to cross the wheat in the bin, and so he waded out without any hesitation, his feet sinking in a few inches at every step.

Already the air was full of dust caused by the agitation of the wheat in the chute below, and Matt choked as he stooped to pick up the peg. Just as he turned, one of his feet sunk down suddenly as if something deep in the bin had seized it. The next instant the whole center of the wheat in the bin sunk suddenly, and Matt found himself slipping slowly downward. With a startled cry he tried to reach the ladder. But the wheat below him was like quicksand. The harder he struggled the more the wheat shelved off and slipped under his feet, and the more it seemed to him that an awful something deep in the bin had fastened to his feet and was dragging him down.

The consciousness of having disobeyed his uncle lent terror to the situation, and the dust was becoming more and more choking. In that moment Matt recalled stories he had heard of men who had been suffocated in elevators, and he grew suddenly hopeless.

He had sunk almost to his waist when Laura appeared in answer to his repeated calls.

“Help!” he coughed.

Laura peered for a moment into the dark bin and then she seemed transfixed with terror.

“Run for help,” cried Matt.

Without a word Laura disappeared, flying down the tramway with flying hair.

Reaching the office she suddenly realized that Matt might sink and be killed before she could get the men from the boat up the hill.

“What shall I do?” and she wrung her hands.

Her eye fell upon an empty barrel in the corner of the office. The next moment she was spinning it along the tramway to the elevator.

“Here, Matt, Matt,” she called.

The boy, who was now waist-deep in the wheat and had almost given up the struggle, hardly looked up. But when the barrel came bumping against him he seemed to recover.

“Hold on till I come back,” cried Laura.

Then she sped along the tramway and down the hill to the boat. With choking voice she told the captain of her trouble. There was no way of shutting off the sucking of the wheat through the chute below, but a half dozen men with ropes and poles were soon speeding up the hill. Laura led them to the bin, but when she peered down she cried out in despair. Only the top of the barrel was visible in the sinking wheat.

“There, there, child; don't be frightened yet,” said the captain.

In a moment two men with ropes around under their arms were wading in the wheat, while two others had succeeded in closing the chute. This prevented further sinking of the wheat, but the dust was still suffocating.

With poles and shovels they pried up the barrel, and when they lifted it out they found that it covered Matt's head and shoulders. But Matt was unconscious.

“If it hadn't been for the barrel he'd have died,” said the captain.

At last they lifted him out and he opened his eyes just as Uncle Burritt came into the office.

When Uncle Burritt heard the story he did not say a word to Matt, but he turned and laid his hand on Laura's head. Laura was still tearful.

“My brave, obedient girl,” he said.

A Bessing Sin.

Apparently some women do not know that public conveyances are not proper places for ventilating domestic grievances or indulging in personal gossip. Says Donahoe's Magazine:

Why will women talk aloud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life.

Family matters are openly discussed, the good qualities of relatives and their defects commented upon freely, and names mentioned with the utmost indifference to the fact that chance listeners may recognize them.

The other day, in a crowded car, a young woman was expatiating upon the many charms of a male acquaintance who lacked only one essential of the model husband—means of support. And then ensued an animated debate, during which the family affairs of the unfortunate young man and his bride were made known to all who cared to listen.

Blubber Baths for Rheumatism.

In Australia they have a whale cure for rheumatism which is said to be effective, though disagreeable. It was discovered by a drunken man, who was staggering along the beach near the whaling station at Twofold Bay, and who, seeing a dead whale cut open, took a header into the decomposing blubber. It took two hours for him to work his way out, but he was then not only sober, but cured of his rheumatism. Now a hotel has been built in the neighboring town of Eden, where rheumatic patients wait for the arrival of a whale in order to take blubber baths.

But the Flag Went Up.

A Johannesburg correspondent states that Jameson would have gone on fighting at Krugersdorp, but when the officers saw the Staats Artillery coming up with the Maxims in charge of German gunners, “flesh and blood could stand it no longer.” Jameson, adds the writer, was watering his horse when Col. Scott came up to him and said: “Sir, we must surrender; it seems hopeless.” The only answer he got was: “I will not surrender; let them shoot me where I stand, but surrender? Never!” The Colonel moved away, and the next minute up went the white flag.

Debs Barred Out.

Faculty of Chicago University Refuses to Let Him Address Students.

Division of opinion and not a little feeling has been aroused among the students of the Chicago University by the decision of the faculty in barring E. V. Debs from speaking to the students some time during the next quarter. At a meeting of the local oratorical association it was agreed to invite the labor leader. When the members of the faculty were apprised

BIG ROW AT THE END.

SECRETARY CARLISLE SPEAKS IN CHICAGO.

Free-Silver Advocates Create a Scene at the Meeting—They Fire a Volley of Questions at the Speaker—Police Take a Hand in Affairs.

Carlisle at Chicago. Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle addressed an audience in the Chicago Auditorium for nearly two hours Wednesday night on the financial question.

Gold was down on the program, and had the platform. Silver was down on gold and had the fun. Altogether, says a correspondent, the address of the gold advocate was as near a Harvey-Horr debate as the friends of the white metal could make it. And it only wanted a little more warm blood and a little less police to end in a row.

Mr. Carlisle had held his long and august form in the vision of the people for two hours when the silver men began. Then the lights went out and that ended the incipient debate. They began this way. Mr. Carlisle had just thanked the people for listening to him. Col. J. C. Roberts, a prominent member of the People's party and one of the editors of the National Bimetallist, who had stamped the South for Mr. Carlisle in the days when the Secretary talked not of gold but of silver, arose in his seat, and, in a voice that was heard above the din of

cheering and other noises, demanded the attention of the chairman, M. J. Carroll, who had called upon Secretary Grady to read a resolution thanking Mr. Carlisle for having accepted the invitation of trade unionists to address them.

“I desire to ask Mr. Carlisle,” said Col. Roberts, “to answer one question.”

“Sh-h-h-h-h,” said the people, and Mr. Carlisle did not turn his retreating form. M. J. Carroll, who had not called for short words of testimony in closing, jumped up with the resolutions in his hand.

“Whereas—” he began.

“Why don't you let the speaker answer the question,” shouted another man, rising in an excited little group.

“Whereas—”

“Mr. Chairman, why don't you—”

The “whereas” seemed to have it, and the resolution, which advised all the workmen to read Mr. Carlisle's speech and voted him unlimited thanks, was read, although for the rising din it might as well have been Weyler's proclamation. The groups of silver men, who were intent upon asking the question, were noisy and belligerent. But two policemen had Col. Roberts in their eyes, and found him and conducted the Populist to the rear.

Chairman Carroll finally managed to put the resolution of thanks to a vote. There were thunderous “yeas,” but the “noes” would have carried any ordinary caucus. Little whirlpools of turmoil were forming in different parts of the house, and the policemen were kept busy. The crowd, too, was moving homeward.

“Hurrah for Eugene V. Debs, anyway,” yelled a silver man.

This called forth a vigorous response. “Hurrah for John G. Carlisle,” shouted a gold man in the gallery. The “house” was plainly “gold.”

By this time the police had circulated their retort forms quite thoroughly and the belligerents were quieted.

The question which they wanted to ask, and for which Col. Roberts rose, related to Carlisle's speech in 1878, when he pronounced the demonetization of silver “the most gigantic crime of this or any other age,” which would “ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world.”

The silverites had fun earlier in the evening by distributing the following tribute to Mr. Carlisle, until the police stopped them:

“John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, after a lifetime devoted to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, was suddenly converted in 1893 to the gold standard in order to secure a seat in Cleveland's cabinet.”

“He now comes here, fresh from the banquet tables of the Wall street gold bugs, to tell the idle and starving workmen of Chicago how they may be successfully robbed by the gold bugs for the next four years.”

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of the intended invitation they immediately sent out for the representatives of the association and firmly demanded that no such invitation should be issued.

RED LAKE RESERVATION.

Grand Rush for Homes to Take Place on May 15.

In an irregular rectangle in northwestern Minnesota, with a length of 112 miles and a breadth of 100, with a frontier of about 500, and containing 900,000 acres ready for settlement, is the great Red Lake reservation, the last of the large northwestern Indian reservations. It is to be opened to the settler on May 15. The entire reserve consists of about 4,000,000 acres, but much of it contains pine and will not be allowed for settlement, while more is to be reserved for the 1,500 Indians of the Red Lake Chippewas, and will not come into the market until the band is wiped out or has become sufficiently civilized to take and improve allotments and cease to be the ward of the nation.

The reservation is virgin territory, of meadow, oak openings, reclaimable bog, prairie and brush lands, an unbroken wilderness of pine and hardwood forest, of tamarack, cedar and spruce swamp, of muskeg and of lake, brook and river. Save the freighters' roads to and from the trading post at the agency at the south shore of the lake, in the center of the lands, and the marks of the surveyor's ax and scribe on section lines and corners, there are no signs of the intrusion of the white man on this the greatest hunting and fishing ground held for the northwestern Indians. Were it not for the prevalent industrial and financial depression there would be a rush to this promised land as great as was

that at the opening of the Oklahoma country, and as it is there is the greatest movement of people that the Northwest has ever seen.

German and Scandinavian farmers are in the majority of incomers. The States of Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota have furnished the largest quota. Southern Michigan, the Dunkard colonies of Indiana, Nebraska, and even the New England States are looked on to be represented later by hundreds of colonists.

The Red Lake lands are beautiful for situation, well watered by streams whose sources are in never-failing springs, while ten to fifteen feet will tap the underground veins in any part of the lands to be opened. There is no danger of drought. There are no prettier locations for homes in all the West than on the streams that the Red Lake Indians have so zealously guarded for these many years, and are now about to give up. Around the streams and bordering the lakes is the timber growth, which, next to the meadow grass, will yield to the fortunate possessor the most ample returns until the cleared land may produce crops. This timbered growth comprises all the woods common to the North, poplar predominating, and all in a thrifty condition. The timber is interspersed with hazel bushes, an unfailing sign of excellent soil. Several railroads are preparing to cross the lands in the near future, most of them running to the Lake Superior port of Duluth, which will give the finest market in the Northwest to the grain and produce raised. Among these roads is the Farmers' Railroad of the North Dakota agriculturists, under the lead of D. W. Hines.

The opening of this reservation will have widespread results. It will push the frontier into Canada; it will settle the vacant lands in northern Minnesota and make them tributary to the wholesalers of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth; it will double the population of the surrounding towns in a month; it will add 25,000 people to the census of Minnesota in the first year; it will infuse new blood and new life into the farming communities of the Northwest.

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Heads of the Triple Alliance, Who Held an Important Conference at Naples Last Week.

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GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

Something of the Newly Appointed Consul General to Cuba. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the newly appointed consul general to Cuba, is a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee and served under the



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great Confederate leader during the war of the rebellion. He was born in 1835 at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia, and was graduated from the military academy in 1856. Commissioned as lieutenant in the second cavalry, he went to the frontier, was severely wounded by the Indians and was recalled to be instructor of cavalry at West Point. When the war came

Lieut. Lee resigned his commission and joined the Confederate cause. At first he did staff duty and was adjutant general of Ewell's brigade. In September, 1861, he was made lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia cavalry and soon afterward was promoted to be colonel. He served in all the campaigns of the army of northern Virginia. In 1862 Lee was made a brigadier general and a major general in 1863. At Winchester, in 1864, he was disabled by a severe wound, which kept him from duty for several months.

In 1865 he was placed in command of the whole cavalry corps of the army of northern Virginia, and a month later surrendered to Gen. Meade at Farmville and retired to his Virginia home. In 1865 he was elected Governor of Virginia. Gen. Lee goes to Cuba with absolute liberty to travel about wherever he pleases unobstructed and unrestricted by the Spaniards. Should the President desire any information concerning the state of affairs in Cuba the new consul general will be in a position to gather it. It is known that Gen. Lee, while being a fair man, warmly sympathizes with the insurgents.

FARM WORK PROGRESSING.

Weekly Reports of the Weather Bureau Covering Crop Prospects.

The Weather Bureau, in summing up the situation in weather and crop circles, says that in the Southern States the week has been generally favorable for farm work, which has made good progress. In the more Northern districts, owing to the lateness of the season, farming operations are much delayed, but are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Cotton planting is now quite general in the northern portion of the cotton belt, is well advanced in the southern portion, and the early planted is coming up. In Florida, it is nearly finished. Winter wheat is reported in excellent condition in Nebraska and eastern Kansas, and much improved and looking well in Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and northern Illinois. Less favorable reports are received from Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York, in some of which States it has been winter killed and is in poor condition. No corn has yet been planted north of the Ohio river, but some planting has been done as far north as Kentucky and Virginia. West of the Mississippi some corn has been planted as far north as southern Nebraska. Planting is nearly completed in Oklahoma, and is in progress in Missouri. In Illinois and Indiana plowing for corn is general. In the Southern States corn planting is practically completed.

START A BLAND BOOM.

Missouri Democrats Declare for Free Silver Coinage.

R. P. Bland's boom for the presidential nomination, on a free coinage of silver platform, was launched with great enthusiasm by the Missouri Democratic State convention at Sedalia. It was the largest gathering of the party ever held in the State, for, in addition to the 535 delegates, over 2,000 visitors were present. Chairman Moffitt of the State Central Committee called the convention to order in Wood's Opera House at 12:30 o'clock. After prayer by Rev. J. S. Meyer, ex-Congressman William M. Hatch was announced as temporary chairman, and Jeff Pollard of St. Louis as temporary secretary. Mr. Hatch made a spirited address, and throughout its delivery was cheered long and loud. The mention of Mr. Bland's name as one of the most valuable and faithful of Democrats brought forth a flood of applause and cheers. Mr. Hatch hoped the Chicago convention would adopt an unequivocal silver platform.

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